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THE CHORUS OF THE NEWLY-CONVERTED COMMUNISTS.

Ye sons of guns, awake to glory! Hark! Hark! Your leaders bid you rise! Come, listen while we tell the dreadful story, Behold our tears and hear our cries!

The Wilson Bill your present thought engages;
We must bring the whole thing up short with a jerk.
The Government has got to pay the wages
Of every man who does n't care to work!

To arms! To arms! Ye Brave! We 're all out for the dust! March on! March on! All hearts resolved To save the G. O. P. or bust!

PUCK, PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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Keppler & Schwarzmann,
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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS CRITICS.

The election of Grover Cleveland to the Presidency in November, 1892, was the result of an overwhelming tidal wave of public

sentiment that carried with it the best voters of the two great parties. By the sheer force of his personal character he beat down the stoutest opposition. He was not the candidate of any faction, nor the tool of any machine. He was the candidate of the people. He ignored machines and factions, relying entirely upon his standing with the people, and their desire for the reforms to which he was pledged. It was, then, the most natural thing in the world that he should, after election, antagonize the machine element in his own party. Each clique and faction was ready to oppose him at all points, since it had no claim upon him for services rendered, and could, therefore, expect no special favors from him. And it was natural, too, that the enmity of the machine element should become more open and decided after each fresh proof that the machine, as a machine, had nothing to expect from the administration. And so we have David B. Hill, with the help of Republicans, showing in the Senate to-day the spite he feels at having been so contemptuously turned down by public sentiment in 1892.

It was hardly to be expected that Republican Senators generally would refuse their support to Mr. Hill in his attacks upon the adminstration. In the school of machine politics any course tending to create a split in the opposition is justifiable. But it is surprising that some of the smarter Republican Senators have not advised their party against such a course as Hill has adopted. Admitting that we may expect little of highminded patriotism from any Republican Senator so long as his party is down, it ought to have occurred to more of them that, in conspiring with a man like Hill to discredit the President, Republican Senators are throwing a boomerang that must return upon them. The rejection of Mr. Peckham as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court must forever be charged to the Republican party, and it can only offer this one excuse for thus dragging the highest court in the land in the mire: it hoped that political capital might somehow be made thereby. It was a wild, unreasonable hope, but no Republican Senator seems to have been clear-seeing enough to tell his party so. We might have expected, for instance, that Senator Lodge would rise to the occasion. In the Forum for April, 1893, this gentleman wrote ably upon the "Outlook and Duty of the Republican He dwelt but little on the "outlook," because there was little to dwell upon; but he was strong on "duty." "Republicans," he said, "must be entirely true to the great principles they profess, and to the great traditions of their past." And now, it seems, Mr. Lodge's idea of being "true to the great traditions of the past" is to work hand-in-hand with one of the most corrupt politicians the country has ever known, to discredit a President who was elected by one of the largest electoral votes ever given. For our part we have no hesitation in saying that the rational Republicans who voted to reject the nomination of Mr. Peckham, have let themselves down to the exact level of David B. Hill. And Puck never said a harder thing about any man or men.

The rejection of Mr. Cleveland's two appointments to the Supreme Bench was due, of course, to the fact that both appointees were men out of sympathy with the machine which D. B. Hill helps to control. But the annoyance of the President does not end here. As a further penalty for having been elected by a popular vote, instead of by a faction, he must endure from the anti-machine element of his own party the accusation that he is truckling to the machine. From time to time a man arises to tearfully wail that, although he is a good Democrat, he believes that Grover Cleveland and his administration are failures. Such a wailer is apt to be more frothy and rabid than poor old Mr. Dana, - more peevish than Mr. Whitelaw Reid. The latest freak of this sort signs himself "A Democrat" to a lot of tea-cup gossip in Harper's Weekly. It is hard to tell whether he is a reformed Mugwump or only a Democratic sore-head. At any rate, he is a man of small mind and who thinks he can measure National politics with his own little foot-rule. The burden of his complaint is that President Cleveland has not allowed himself to be ruled, in his distribution of offices, by the anti-snapper element of New York. "He has appointed anti-snappers to office," wails this Democrat; "but he has not taken the advice of anti-snapper leaders." Dear, dear! This would really mean something in either of two cases: (1) if New York were the whole of the United States; (2) if President Cleveland were not over twenty-one years of age, of sound mind, and reasonably capable of thinking for himself. This wailer is a fair specimen of the little-minded man who can not get "spoils" out of his definition of politics. He poses as a reformer, but his idea of reform is to take a lot of offices away from some other clique and give them to his own. After some lofty remarks about Mr. Cleveland's defects as a leader, this half-baked reformer says: "When he declined to make Mr. Coudert Ambassador to France, the men who had sacrificed their political prospects and had entered into the revolt against the machine, realized that they had accomplished nothing but the election of Grover Cleveland." This would indeed describe a horrible state of affairs if it did not happen to describe just what the people wanted. We suppose there will always be more or less of this slush written and that there will always be bilious editors to print it. But the fact remains that New York is just one of forty-four states that elected Grover Cleveland, and it is not at all likely that Grover Cleveland is going to be called to account for his distribution of patronage in that state, so long as any weightier matters remain to be attended to. Mr. Cleveland was elected President upon a platform promising the repeal of the Sherman law, the repeal of the Federal Election laws, and tariff reform. these pledges have been kept. The third is nearing fulfillment. It is upon this record, when it shall have been completed, that the President and his administration will stand before the people of the United States.

SOME QUESTIONS FOR THE YEAR MDCCCXCIV.

What have you got in store,
In the ten months, or more,
Now in your quiver?
How much of joy or pain?
How much of loss and gain?
How much of snow and rain,
Sunshine or shiver?

What will they bring to me—
Gladness or sorrow?
What of the awful wrack
Left in the cyclone track?
What of the storm-cloud black
Threatening the morrow?

us if Congress will,
king of toriff cill.

What of my ships at sea?

What is their fate to be?

Open your scroll and show All that we want to know; What shall we reap or sow,— Little or mickle? How will our business be? Better than '93? Please tell Prosperity Not to be fickle. Tell us if Congress will,
Talking of tariff still,
Yet pass the Wilson Bill
Some day or other.
Come, now, the months are few,
What do you mean to do?
Please get a move on you
One way or t other!

Robert B. Peattie.

NOT A HUMBUG.

MISS PAR VAN NEW .-- Pa, we are going to see the French Pantomimists in L'enfant Prodigue to-night.

PAR VAN NEW, SR.—Yes; and you'll set there and grin jest as if you understood it, like the other idiots. Thank heaven! I never was a humbug.

CADET.—The savage nations have very crude ideas of military science.

HIS GIRL.—Yes, indeed! Why, I noticed ever so many of them at the Fair; and they all danced so awkwardly!



AN UNFULFILLED PREDICTION.

MISS WITHERS.—When I was born my grandmother predicted that I would never live to be old.

SILLINGTON (wishing to be pleasant). — Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! What a good joke you must have on your grandmother!



A CHICAGO IDEA.

MISS BACON.—Did you enjoy yourself at the dance last night? MISS BEACON.—Indeed, I did! MISS BACON.—How many times did you go in to supper?

THE FAMILY FOWL.

(Paterfamilias, loquitur.)

Our family circle, I always have found, No matter what morsels I save for the rest, The baby is sure to be pleased with the breast.

Next comes our young hopeful; like other small boys He finds his chief comfort in making a noise; I can't think of anything better to do Than give him the drumsticks to beat a tattoo.

Our sweet little daughter, just eighteen years old, To no one but mother her secret has told; Would it be such a very indelicate thing To show that I know she's about to take wing?

My wife's elder sister is doomed, I 'm afraid, To die, as she 's lived for so long, an old maid; The only appropriate thing in the dish For her is the bone that may bring her her wish.

My brother, past fifty, still faithfully wears
The widower's weeds he 's been wearing for years;
I hope he won't put too prophetic a point
On my offer to find him a nice "second joint."

And there 's the best woman the world ever knew — My wife — I have something reserved for her, too: The rest of the giblets may surely now go With the heart that I gave her two decades ago!

Francis E. Leupp.

AN EGOTIST is a man with a preponderance of Article I in his constitution.

How can a laborer be expected to see the folly of buying coal by the bushel, when he buys rum by the glass?

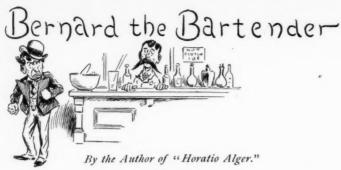
THE UNREASONABLE SEX.

Mrs. Brown.— You keep Lent? Why, I'm astonished!
Brown.—You should n't be, my dear. Last New Year's you wanted
me to swear off forever, while the Lord expects it only for forty days.



ECONOMICAL THOUGHTFULNESS.

MRS. ISAACS.—Vake up, Isaac; a burglar is tryin' to git in.
MR. ISAACS.—Vell, vait till he opens der vindow, undt den I shoot.
MRS. ISAACS.—Vy don't you shoot now?
MR. ISAACS.—Vat! undt break a bane ov glass?



CHAPTER I.

UR HERO, Bernard, the bartender, was only twenty-eight years of age. He was a very handsome fellow. He had a big, honest black moustache; his hair was neatly oiled, and an air of refinement that you could not place pervaded him.

He was tending bar in a swell saloon on Montague St., Brooklyn, when Alphonse Durand, a flashily dressed youth of scarce twenty-five, entered the gilded den.

Alphonse was an evil-looking lad. He had more money than was good for one so young, and he expended it foolishly at matinées and ball games and the like. He had dropped into the saloon to buy a glass of lemonade, for I grieve to state that he had long cultivated a passion for that acid beverage.

"Give me my usual tipple," said he, with a wicked leer on his fea-To our hero the concocting of a glass of lemonade was a mere bagatelle, and he soon placed it on the long counter or "bar," with which such places are generally provided.

"When are you going to pay me the half-dollar I won off you at craps?" asked Bernard.

This was a game at which both lads were adepts, and they often whiled away an idle hour at it, although I am pleased to say that Bernard never Sunday was the day played it on Sunday.

docks or Cholera Banks. By way of reply to his question,

that he always set apart for fishing off the

Alphonse handed Bernard a half-dollar which the practised eye of the latter immediately discovered to be a poor counterfeit. "I can't take that piece of

money," said Bernard, simply.

"Why not?" asked Alphonse, with an affected air of surprise.

"It 's bad," was Bernard's laconic

"What's that to me?" sneered Alphonse. "Alphonse, because you are a jay, shall I be one, too?" replied our honest hero, looking him squarely in the eye. "A blind beggar could tell that it is bad, and I would run a great risk trying to pass it."
"A curse on your scruples!" said the wicked Alphonse.

"I may be poor, Alphonse, but, thank heaven, I am discreet! If you can't pay me what you owe me in good money, or at least in a passable counterfeit, I will have you arrested the first time I think of it."

Alphonse's sallow countenance took on a pallid hue. He ground a lemon-pit between his clenched jaws, and, uttering a wicked oath, he left the saloon without paying for his drink. Once outside, he shook his two fists in the direction of the saloon and vowed that he would get even with his too scrupulous friend.

Bernard could ill afford to lose the half-dollar, but the thought that he had been true to himself so consoled him that he forgot to make good the price of the lemonade to his employer.

CHAPTER II.

"Twenty-seven cents, a two-cent stamp and a bridge ticket, and I Poor, dear mother! I fear that her have been six months in saving it up. delicate fingers will become paralyzed from disuse before I shall have saved up money enough to buy her the Rosewood Grand she so sorely needs. Well, I will enclose this much in the letter I wrote her last night." the speaker, who was none other than our hero, Bernard, took out an envelope, into which he placed the money and then put it back into his pocket. He was seated on a sofa in front of a second-hand furniture store, in Court Street, Brooklyn. It was his afternoon off, and he was on his way to Carroll Park, there to enjoy a few hours of well-earned Feeling somewhat tired, and having no Bromo-Caffeine, he sat down on the sofa before mentioned. We will leave him there for a few minutes and explain the reference to his mother.

That lady had been left at the death of her husband with nothing but her son and a talent for music. After several years' search she had succeeded in getting seven small pupils among the poorer classes for instruction on the piano-forte, but month had succeeded month, and she had not been able to give them a lesson for the lack of an instrument, which she was too poor to buy, and which her pride prevented her from hiring. Lately several of her pupils had hinted that they would have to seek elsewhere for instruction if she did not hasten and give them their

Her son Bernard had studied at some of the best colleges, but had refused to accept a single degree. He was not proud, and was glad to obtain, through the good offices of their pastor, a situation as bartender in the swell saloon in which we first met him. During his off-days he had tried to sell Brooklyn papers in uptown New York, with what success our readers already know. The entire proceeds from their sale he intended to devote to purchasing a piano for the mother he so dearly loved. He lacked about \$650 of the required sum.

We will now return to our hero, whom, as may possibly be remembered, we left upon the sofa in front of the furniture store.

As he sat there with his head in his hands, a voice at his elbow said, "Ha!" and, looking up, he saw the unpleasant features of Alphonse, whom

he had not met since the scene in the saloon.
"Just been evicted?" asked Alphonse, glancing superciliously at the array of cheap furniture with which Bernard was surrounded.

"Sir, this furniture is not mine!" said Bernard, his color rising, although he continued to remain seated, himself.

"That may not be so easy to prove, if I call an officer," said the fellow, in an ugly tone. "And if so, what are you doing with it here at this time of day?" It was high noon and crowds of people were passing. The fellow's voice was loud, and several stopped to see what was the

"What seems to be the trouble?" asked a portly old gentleman of kindly aspect.

"Why, this fellow's a thief. He's making away with this furniture!" replied Alphonse

"He has an honest eye. My boy, to whom does this furniture belong? You are moving it for some one, are you not?" said the old man, kindly, stepping up to Bernard.

"It belongs to the man who keeps the store, and I am only sitting on the sofa because I am weary," said Bernard, removing his hat in an exceedingly polite way.

"That 's a likely story," sneered Alphonse.
"What would be be doing with all his furniture out here at this time of day?"

The usual crowd had in the meantime gathered, and the wisdom of this remark seemed to have struck a peculiar chord. "Call a policeman," said one. As often happens in Brooklyn, a blue-coated guardian of the peace was passing, and he was hailed by a score of voices.

"What's the row here?" asked he, sauntering up, and twirling his club.

"This fellow is trying to get away with this furniture," said Alphonse, glibly, pointing to the sofa, the chairs and the dining-room table with which our hero was surrounded.

"It's no such thing," said Bernard, sullenly. "Ask the man inside."

"That seems reasonable," said the benevolent-looking old gentleman, and he stepped up to the door. Alas! appearances were decidedly against the young bartender, for the door was locked, the proprietor having gone to luncheon.

As the terrible predicament in which Alphonse had placed him flashed across his mind, he pulled his handkerchief from his inside breast-pocket, in order that he might burst into tears, and the letter to his mother fell to the pavement. He hastily stooped to pick it up; but Alphonse was quicker than he, and in a twinkling he seized and

He calmly pocketed the inclosure of money, doing it so deftly that no one noticed the act. He then hurriedly read the letter to himself and handed it to the policeman with an air of triumph.

"Read that out loud. It may convince the old gentleman that this young men is not as honest as he pretends to be.

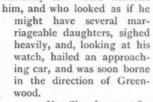
The officer took the letter and read as follows:

" Dearest Mother -

"I hate to think of you, forced week by week to postpone your pupils" lessons for lack of so common a piece of furniture as a piano. It galls your boy, to be unable, at present, by fair means, to bring home even a second-hand piano. I enclose a little money and feel in my bones that before long your house will be furnished as becomes my lady mother.
"Your dutiful son,

A shudder of horror crept through the crowd at this seeming instance of our hero's depravity. Bernard saw that so cleverly had Alphonse woven the net of circumstantial evidence around him that he could never hope to prove his innocence. What was to become of his mother when he was at Sing Sing?

The old gentleman whom he had instinctively felt would befriend



"You'll refuse to take counterfeit money again, will you?" hissed Alphonse between his teeth.

Bernard was but human, and with a wild cry — —

The rest of this story will be published in book-form, uniformly with "Ragged Tom," "Tattered Dick," "Tough and Steady," etc., etc., etc. See advertisement.

Charles Battell Loomis.

A PRACTICAL ASPECT.

Spencer.—I don't see how you can afford to marry with your expensive tastes. You only have five thousand a year.

FERGUSON.— Well, my fiancée has the same amount. That will just double my income.

A CLEAR LOSS.

PENFIELD.—This latest story of mine is the best thing I ever turned out. As I read it over I'm surprised at its power, and don't know how I ever wrote it.

MERRITT.—That 's a pity. You 'll be never able to write an article on how it was written.

AN EASY CHOICE.

BANKS.—The Judge gave Soak his choice between taking the gold cure and going to the island for ten days.

TANKS. -- So he does n't drink now?

BANKS .- No-o-o; but he will be out next Thursday.

THE MAN who believes only half he hears generally gets along pretty well if he selects the right half.

IF "BREAD is the staff of life," 't is plain
That bread-and-butter 's a gold-headed cane.



IT DID N'T MEET THE REQUIREMENTS.

MRS. MULCAHEY (whose husband has made money on street . cleaning contracts).—Yez 'll hov to tell th' furnitoor man to come an' take this soideboard away.

MR. MULCAHEY,— Phat's th' matty wid it?

MRS. MULCAHEY.— Phoy, th' glass is thot low Oi can't see to comb me hair in it.



HER INFERENCE.

HICKS.—I got this horse at a bargain.

MRS. HICKS.—I suppose that 's why he limps.

HICKS.—What are you talking about?

MRS. HICKS.—I did 'nt know but he got hurt in the crush about the bargain counter.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

FIRST JOKE WRITER.—I don't believe times are as hard as people let on.

SECOND JOKE WRITER.—I don't know; the editors take twice as many tramp jokes as they used to.

A BLESSING.

H1CKS.— It pays in some ways to have rich neighbors.

DIX.— How so?

HICKS.—I can't afford to buy my wife a better seal coat than Mrs. Neighbob wears, and so she won't have any.

MADE NO MISTAKE.

HAVERLY,—They have n't given the two new gorillas Irish names.

AUSTEN.— No; they say that they are a nearer approach to human beings than any other apes ever captured.

A WOMAN CAN usually keep in the fashionable swim if she has a duck of a bonnet.

WHAT WE MAY

MRS, GIRAFFE.— My dear, why do you always look so puzzled after reading the funny papers these days?

GIRAFFE. — They print so many inexplicable things about the big theatre hat.

CLEANLINESS MAY be next to godliness; but it takes lots of advertising to make soap go.

A BROKEN ENGAGEMENT is, perhaps, in other words, only a drawn battle,

The times are becoming so hard that with many swells the tally-ho has to give way to the trolley-ho.



DISAGREEABLE FATHER.—Never mind, young man! I ll help her on with her coat, myself—



"I don't trust these young fellows -



"For I 'm up to their tricks -

HAD SEEN BETTER DAYS.

WEARY RAGGLES (in haymow). - Sort o' comfortable, ain't it?

DUSTY RHODES.— Reg'lar luxury, that 's wot it is! No doors to lock, no shutters to bolt, no winders to fasten, no furnace fire to look after, no potted plants to move about, no light to bother with, an' no scarey wife to send us galivantin' around on th' cold floors half-a-dozen times a night, huntin' fer burglars!

A SURE SIGN.

MRS. FLATHOUSE (going out). — Do you think I shall need my furs to-day?

MR. FLATHOUSE.—Is the steam heat on in the radiator?

them.

MRS. FLATHOUSE. — Yes; full on.
MR. FLATHOUSE. — Then you won't need

PLAUSIBLE.

NEW YORKER.—Why do they call your city the "Windy City?" CHICAGOAN.—Because our citizens make so much money that they 're all the time blowing it in.



"And they can't fool me. I was a young bird, once, myself."

A DIFFERENCE.

THE SMALL BOY shovels off the sidewalk snow
Before his father's house with might and main;
His countenance is dark with gloom and woe,
His fingers blue with pain.

But rapture's shining goal he soars beyond—
His liveliness he can not once abate,
While shoveling the snow-drift from the pond—
That he may slide and skate.

A DEFINITION.

"Pa, what is a perquisite?"

"An authorized steal, my son."

RIGHT IN LINE.

MISS LILLIE BEGAD (an Oklahoma belle).

— I am sorry I could n't be present at the organization of the Fin de Siècle club last night.

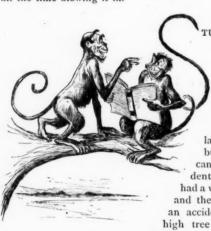
What did you do?

MISS GLADYS BITTERS.—Oh, we decided to offer prizes to the members who first guess the correct pronunciation of the title of the club!

VERY NEAR IT.

Tom Bigbee.— I 've held four aces already; but I never held a royal flush. Have you?

JACK POTTS. - No; but I came within an ace of it several times.



TUDIOUS MONKEY.—These creatures called men talk of "Adam's fall." Who

A MONKEY DARWIN.

"Adam's fall." Who
was Adam?
PHILOSOPHICAL MONKEY.
— As yet we
have not fully
mastered the

language of men; but, from what we can gather, it is evident that this Adam had a wife named Eve, and the fall was due to an accident while on a high tree after fruit. I

presume they found it very good, and in their greed they hung on so long that their tails broke; and ever since that their descendants have been the tailless, helpless, plodding creatures that you see. Poor man! His tail has gone, his feet have lost their cunning, his once beautiful fur is moth-eaten, and nothing is left of him but his greed.

EXCUSE FOR ANYTHING.

"That nice-looking old gentleman over there seems to be in trouble. I am half-tempted to speak to him; but I'm afraid it would seem impertinent."

"That's all right! Just tell him you are a reporter."

FLARING EXTRAVAGANCE.

"Here!" cried Mr. Upton Flatt angrily, as he viewed the brilliantly-lighted apartments; "Here! what do you mean by having all these gas jets lit? You must think I've got money to burn!" And he went around and extinguished one-half of them.

"Don't you think these tramps are becoming a threat to the country?"
"Oh, only an idle threat!"



HER LIMITATIONS.

PRESS AGENT.—What! You don't like my new farce-comedy soubrette? I tell you, man, you're bilious! Why, she dances and sings like a bird!

COUNTRY CRITIC.—I'll admit that she dances like a bird,—but she can't sing!



TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

FARMER JAY.— What made old Dobbin run away yesterday?

FARMER GRAYNECK.—He saw one o' them city ridin's school graduates on horseback.

A SENATORIAL EPISODE.

THAT GRAVE and dignified body — the Millionaires' Club — sometimes known as the Senate of the United States, was absorbed in a deliberate discussion of the Tariff question. Learned members gave thoughtful and earnest attention to the remarks of the gentleman who had the floor, while others searched diligently the pages of many heavy tomes for facts to hurl defiantly at the determined opposition when opportunity should arrive.

In the galleries, rapt attention was being given to the proceedings of the House.



TOO TRUE.

MISSIONARY.—My poor man, don't you know that strong drink is a mocker?

PARCHED PERKINS (looking with longing and sorrowful glance at the window). — You 're jes' right, lady; you 're jes' right! Them 'ere lickers just mock me every time I looks inter the windy; an' I hain't gotter cent in th' world.

The door of one of the cloak rooms opened, and a Senator emerged in apparent concern. Hurrying quickly to the side of his colleague, a whispered conversation was held between the two, and immediately both a departed hastily to the cloak room. Then a page hurried out, bearing to a third member a note which was in turn passed to a fourth and a fifth Senator. Each one, on acquainting himself with its contents, started violently, flushed, and then rushed to the cloak room from which the first member had emerged.

An undercurrent of confusion began to flow through the chamber. The page conveyed a note to the President of the Senate, who, upon reading it, called the President pro tem to the chair, and immediately entered the cloak room himself. Several more Senators disappeared in the same direction. The speaker's voice now seemed to take on an ominous ring.

voice now seemed to take on an ominous ring.

The spectators in the galleries noticed the suppressed excitement, and speculation began as to the probable cause of the disturbance. The speaker continued to unfold his address.

A rumor became current that startling disclosures were about



JUDGING THE PAST BY THE PRESENT.

MRS. FRILLS (looking at old portrait of a lady).— Oh! is n't it funny? I wonder on what occasions they used such a hat as that?

MR. FRILLS.— When they went to the theatre, I suppose.

to be made — President Cleveland would, by message, declare against the income-tax. Another had it that he had been assassinated. Someone else said a prominent Senator had been stricken with apoplexy.

Finally a solemn-visaged Senator emerged from the much watched room and, securing recognition, asked if the gentleman who had the floor would yield it in order that a motion might be made. The gentleman consented, being anxious to ascertain for himself the cause of the alarm.

Having secured the floor, the Senator said: "Mr. President, I move you that the Senate do now take a recess for one hour."

The motion was put and carried unanimously. A rush was made for that particular cloak room, and in an instant the floor of the chamber was deserted. The galleries were now wild with excitement. A subdued murmur came from within the senatorial cloak room. A presscorrespondent secured the services of a page and hastily scrawled a note to a friend within the room, asking the cause of the excitement. In a few minutes an answer was returned to him. It read: "Senator Blank has a brand-new funny story to tell."

Wm. Johnson Hoster.



J. Otemann Lith.Co. Pock Building NY

THE FIN DE SIÈCLE NEWS

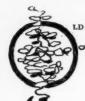
HE COMBINES HIGH-SOUNDING PROFESSIONS AND HIGH-SPICE SE



NEWSPAPER PROPRIETOR.

GH-SPICE SENSATIONS, AND REAPS A GOLDEN PROFIT THEREBY.

NATURE'S SURPRISE.



D NATURE on the urban street
Now madly howls and blows,
And round the passer's lively feet
Piles high the flying snows.

Yet Nature smiles unto her eyes A smile most sweet and bland, The while she pauses in surprise Beside the market stand,

To see the radish and the shad Amid the snow-flake sea, Coquetting in a manner glad With the luscious STRAWberree.

R. K. M.

MAME.—I'm having a new dress made, but my heart is n't in it.

JESS.—Will you dare wear it as low as that?



HIS NEW FIELD.

MRS. O'TOOLE. — Did ye hear about Patrolmin O'Smy'te's gettin' heated at a foire, an' losin' the soight outten bot' eyes?

MRS. REGAN.— Hevin, no! Poor felly; that 's the last of him, I suppose?

MRS. O'TOOLE.—Indade an' it hain't; he's to be appinted a special, to look out for gamblin' houses in the Tenderline!

BOBBY'S WISH.

I wish that bread were as sweet and nice
At the dinner table to me,
As it seems when I ask in vain for a slice
At a quarter-past two or three!



A HEAVY WEIGHT.

STARBOARDER.— How is Mr. Weeks this morning, Mrs. Skinner?

MRS. SKINNER.—I took him up a cup of tea and a piece of bread, and he was just able to raise the bread to his lips.

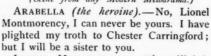
STARBOAEDER (pleased at report).— Oh, he 'll pull through all right if he had strength enough to do that!

HELPING THE POOR.

RAGSEV.—Please, kind sir, gimme a nickel to keep me from starving.

MR. BULLION.— There, poor man, take that coupon and go enter your guess on a sack of flour.





LIONEL MONTMORENCY (the villain).

—Then I can claim a brother's priviliges.
(Kisses her.)

Enter CHESTER CARRINGFORD (the hero).— Heavens! What is this I see? (Draws pistol; exit LIONEL MONTMORENCY.)

ARABELLA.—Is it wrong for a brother to kiss a sister?

CHESTER (weeping). — Forgive me, Arabella, if I have wronged you. (Embraces her; Orchestra plays "After the Ball" softly while curtain falls.)

WE TOLERATE the other fellows' views, and then think ourselves mighty generous to grant others what we demand for ourselves.

PUCK'S SUGGESTION FOR DRESSING THE

WHISKERS OF YOUNG

MEN IN LOVE.



OBSTACLES.

MRS. BENEDICT (with asperity).—Yes! There you sit with that old pipe in your mouth, and never think of kissing baby good-night!

MR. BENEDICT (also with asperity). — How in thunder could I kiss him when he 's always got that thing stuck in his mouth?



SONG OF THE OLD SKY BLUE.

THE OLD Sky Blue, the old Sky Blue,
She's now but a battered hulk;
But years ago, when she was new
An' carried coal in bulk,
No boat along the whole canal
Had such a team or crew —
Singing "Hi! I love a yaller gal!"
The old Sky Blue, Sky Blue.

The old Sky Blue, the old Sky Blue,
Oh, she only ran by day;
We used to dance the whole night through
And on the banjo play.
Tied to the berm, to laugh and shout
At night-boats passing through —
Singing "Hi! does yer mother know yer out?"
The old Sky Blue, Sky Blue.

The old Sky Blue, the old Sky Blue,
She was my pride and joy;
One time I worked my passage through
On her as a driver boy.
If I tried to ride, the mules 'd balk,
Then up comes the chaffin' crew
Singing "Hi! don't you think you 'd better walk?"
The old Sky Blue, Sky Blue.

The old Sky Blue, the old Sky Blue,
I'm glad your days are done;
For mules were good enough for you
In them old times 'at's gone.
They 'd put a motor in you now,
You 'd be a night-boat, too —
Singing "Hi! for the trolley on your bow!"
The old Sky Blue, Sky Blue.

Roy L. McCardell.

BETTER STILL.

BUNKER (at the ball). — Say, do you know that you have been in the conservatory half an hour with one girl?

HILL. That 's nothing! I expect to be in her father's office tomorrow for two hours.

SOME POLITICIANS are too proud to accept an office as the gift of the people. They prefer to buy it.

A BOY'S WISH.

If the water's controlled by the moon so bright, As I 've heard my teacher state, I wish it would freeze the pond to-night That I to-morrow might skate.



A DIPLOMAT.

FITZ WILLIAM.—I don't want to go in; suppose that ugly old woman should sic the dogs on me?

DUSTY RHODES. — Tell her you called to see her mother.



CAREFULLY SELECTED.

ADA. — I understand Blanche is to marry into an old family. IDA. — The oldest that was to be had for the money.

MEN'S RIGHTS AT LAST.

Mr. Parakay.—These two seats you gave me are in different rows, one behind the other.

TICKET SELLER .- One seat is for a lady, is it not?

"Yes.

"Well, that 's all right, then. You are expected to sit behind the lady, and if you bring one with a big hat it 's your own fault. That 's the way we sell 'em now."

A BRILLIANT RECORD.

FLIPJACK.— Who is this man Gassaway that wants to fight for the championship, anyway? Has he any record?

PEAVICK.—Record? I should say so — one hundred and three letters, four hundred and twenty-seven interviews, and a scrap in a bar-room.

Warernoms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York,

The buying public SOHMER Piano with time of cheap grade. will please not co one of a similar Our name spells

S-0-H-M-E-R.



PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.

Rheims, Stemben Co., N. Y.

This is the Finest Champagne produced in America, and compares favorably with European Vintages.

A Natural Genuine Champagne, fermented in the bottle, two years being required to perfect the wine.

Our Sweet and Dry Ca-tawba and Port are, like all our Wines, made from Selected grapes, and are Pure Wines.

For prices,

D. BAUDER, Secretary.

BARKEEPERS' FRIEND.



OVERMAN WHEEL CO.

ANOTHER PROBLEM SOLVED.

CITIZEN (who likes home-made bread). - My dear, I hear that the bakers' trust has rushed through a law forbidding women to make their own bread.

WIFE (indignantly). - They have, have they? I'll show 'em! Here, Maria, run out and get me some yeast .- New York Weekly.

A HERO.
CHAPPY.—Averted
a tewwible twagedy
just now.
CHOLLY.— No!

CHOLLY. — No! How? CHAPPY.—Man said he 'd pound me to mincemeat if I did n't give him a quarter; and I gave him a quarter.—Truth.

A LAST RESORT.

LITTLE BOY. — I want you to write me an excuse for being late to school yesterday.

JEWELER. — Eh?

You are not my son.

LITTLE BOY.--No; but Mama says I had plenty of time to get to school, so I guess the clock you sold her does n't go right.

—Street & Smith's Good News.

BETTER THAN ELEC-TRICITY.

AGENT..-Would n't you like to have a burglar-alarm set up in your house?

MR. BINKS.-Don't need it. I 've got a wife..-N. Y. Weekly.

THIS is such a hard winter that doughnuts have become quite a social feature in Atchison on occasions when fruit glaces and striped ice-cream were formerly served. — Atchison Globe.



SHE KNEW.

"Now, Eva, this is nothing to interest you; it's only a business letter."

"Business? It's written across the top and sides and there are three postscripts to it.

Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne has a delicious aroma.

It is perfectly pure and naturally fermented.

ABOUT the ugliest thing in the world is a fat dog.—Atchison Globe.

SPOTS SPOTS OLLIENT CREAM BLONDEAU & C London, Paris, & New Yo ENGLISH DEPOT Ryland Road Wyland How FACE FACE SPOTS SPOTS

Editor of "Baby" reports:

"For acne spots on the face, and particularly for czema, it is undoubtedly efficacious, healing eruptions nd removing pimples in a few days. It relieves itchivat once;" ing at once.

Guaranteed Harmless.

50 cts. per box of all Druggists, or direct.

Blondeau et Cie. 73-77 Watts St., New York.

Samples of Vinolia Cream, Vinolia Soap (Otto), for sensitive skins. Vinolia Powder, for Toilet and Nursery, and pamphlet free on receipt of 10 cents.

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

Book free; pills 25c. At drugstores, or write B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal St., New York.

French Tonic

The 1894 Columbias

are unhesitatingly pronounced by every one who has seen them to be the most one who has seen them to be the most attractive wheels ever offered to the public. Beautiful new designs, graceful, light, and strong to the last degree, and dressed with the incomparable Co-

instant and wonderful success. Get a catalogue and give your order early if you want one at the beginning of the season.

STANDARD PRICE, \$125.

POPE MFG. CO., Boston, New York, Chicago, Hartford.

GRAND CENTRAL STATION in the centre of New York city. The Hudson River for one hun-

dred and fifty miles. The beautiful Mohawk Valley in

which are some of the finest landscapes in America. Niagara Falls, the world's great-est cataract.

The Adirondack Mountains, "the

Nation's pleasure ground and Sanitarium." The Empire State Express, the fastest train in the world.

The Thousand Islands, the fisher-

man's paradise.

The New York and Chicago Lim-ited, the most luxurious train in the world.

Are a few of the many attractions offered the public by the NEW YORK CENTRAL, "America's Greatest Railroad."

Catalogue free at our agencies, or mailed for two two-cent stamps.

Try the Popular

Fortifies - Nourishes - Stimulates - Refreshes - Body - and - Brain Endorsed by eminent Physicians everywhere. Sold by Druggists and Fancy Grocers.
Avoid Substitutions.

SENT FREE, Album, 75 Portraits and Autographs of Celebrities. MARIANI & CO., 52 West 15th St., New York.

SIGNAL SUCCESS.

He sipped the liquor as he stood The soda fountain by; But it was n't what he wanted, so He winked - "The other rye."



CARL UPMANN'S BOUQUET



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

America's Favorite TEN-CENT CIGAR. For Sale by first-class Dealers Everywhere "Received the Highest Award for Merit and General Excellency"—World's Columbian Exposition, 1803.

WWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW Marry Your Trousers

THE "CHESTER" is a suspender with an idea, viz:—enough stretch, all in the right place, and in enduring form. Our graduated elastic cord ends make it the most comfortable and serviceable suspender in the world; moreover, neat, light, and elegant. Sample pair mailed for 50 cents. The "Workers," made on same plan, 25 cents. We also make the well-known "Century." Ask for "Chester" suspenders. See the graduated elastic cord. CHESTER SUSPENDER CO., No. 4 DECATUR AVE., ROXBURY, MASS.



Weak Cidneys

Sharp, shooting pains, back ache, side ache, chest pains and palpitation relieved in ONE MINUTE by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLAS-CURA ANTI-PAIN PLAS-TER, the first and only pain-killing plaster. It restores vital electricity, and hence cures nervous pains and muscular weakness.

Price: 25c.; five, \$1.00. At all druggists or by ail. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston.



Guaranteed to contain no rosin, or any in-jurious substances. Delicacy of Perfume

MULHENS & KROPFF, New York.



PEPSIN GUM. BEEMAN'S



INDIGESTION

BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO., 27 Lake Street, Cleveland. O CAUTION.—See that the name BEEMAN IS ON each wrapper ORIGINATORS OF PEPSIN CHEWING GUM.

her, etc., to factory. Kelsey & Co., Meriden, Conn.

PUCK'S PAINTING-BOOK 50 Cents.

HIS ONLY CHANCE
OF FAME.

"Jones, I think your
boy will become a very
distinguished man if
he lives long enough."

"Yes? What do
you think he will be
distinguished for?"

"Longevity—if he
lives long enough."—
Truth.

A GIRL in town who sits and looks into the dark in a sad, melancholy way that suggests death and an early tomb, is said to be the highest kicker in her set.— Atchison Globe.

A NEWS-DEALER was recently walking up one of the main streets of one of our large cities, when a masked highwayman jumped out from an alley-way and grabbed his PICKINGS FROM PUCK out of his hand, just as many a dastard villain has forcibly come into possession of the diamonds of the actress out for a promenade.

In an instant the highwayman was caught, and the Pickings from Puck restored to the owner. The affair got into the newspapers, and the next day a copy of this mirth-provoking book could n't be had for love or money. do not know exactly what the moral of this fable teaches us; but, while we are about it, it may not be out of place to say that PICKINGS FROM Puck, 10th Crop, is now in its *steenth edition, and may be had of any æsthetic news-dealer in the land for the virtuous sum of twenty-five cents.

NOT A BAD OUT-

LITTLE SISTER. You 've been fighting again?
LITTLE BROTHER.

LITTLE BROTHER.

—Yep.

"What will become of you if you go on fighting?"

"Dunno. Mebby a great actor wen I grow up."—Street & Smith's Good News.

THE saying about honor among thieves, should be modernized to, "There should be honor among politicians." — Atchison





are the strongest wheels, as well as the lightest made The 23-pound road wheel and 19-pound racer are the firmest, speedlest, safest, lightest wheels known. The RALEIGH bearings are unequaled for light-running qualities. For catalogue address

THE RALEIGH | 2081-3 7TH ÅVE., NEW YORK. CYCLE CO., | 289 WABASH ÅVE., CHICAGO.

ONLY a few people write their names so they can be read. A man thinks, "Oh, well, everybody knows me!"-Atchison Globe.



on which All World's Championships OF '92 AND '93 WERE WON,

WHAT SHALL WE CHEW?



Texas Siftings.

LOST NO TIME.

come first served," is my motto.

Mental exhaustion and brain fatigue

self either in praise or in censure; but

a modest man ever shuns making him-

self the subject of his conversation.-

Promptly cured by Bromo-Seltzer. An egotist will always speak of him-

JACK BUSSEY .- Is this the first me you have been engaged?

MISS KITTISH. — It is. "First

What Shall We Smoke?

MAIL POUCH.

IT IS THE PUREST, THE BEST.



NICOTINE. NEUTRALIZED.



ANTI-NERYOUS: ANTI-DYSPEPTIC.

SEND MONEY BY REGISTERED MAIL

at World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893. JACOB STAHL, Jr. & CO., Makers, 168th st. and 3d ave., New York. Send \$1.00 for sample box of 10 cigars.

What's the Reason?

for the existence of

CALISAYA LA RILLA

when it's not guaranteed to cure anything?

Just this:

__It is the purest and in every way the best preparation of Calisaya or Cinchona bark, the source of quinine and kindred medicinal principles, known for more than two centuries as the most reliable tonic and anti-malarial.

Prescribed by physicians and sold by pharmacists.



ICIST SEE

CALISAYA

our Evening Dress Suit stands preëminent in point of Style, Fit and Fin-Price Moderish. ate, too - considering Quality, \$30.00, made to your measure, Shawl or Lapel Collar - Silk or Satin lined thro' as you will.

A New Departure for the coming season will be our \$16.00 Business Suit and \$4.00 Trousers — Spring Styles rapidly coming down — not all in, but sufficient to make selection.

Ninth Street.

the Failor

145 & 147 Bowery, New York.

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS. PAPER WAREHOUSE.

Nos. 31, 33, 35 & 37 East Houston St., BRANCH. N. E. cor. William & Spruce Sts..

Absolute Purity Guaranteed

Responsible physicians have lately said that the purest and most economical is

Liebig COMPANY'S **Extract of Beef**

You are getting too old to flirt and dance if you can take a nap sitting up in a chair.—
Atchison Globe.

To Give Your Baby Full Supply of Healthy Milk, Let Your Wife Drink The FINEST BOTTLE BEER Brewed by



BREWING ASS'N,

St. Louis, Mo.

Brewers of FINE BEER Exclusively.

New York Depot, O. MEYER & CO., 104 Broad St., Agents.



SCIENCE VERSUS MIRACLES.

JIMMY .- Say, Sam; I guess I can tell how it was Balaam's ass spoke to him just that one day.

SAM .- How did you catch on to it? JIMMY .- Oh, that angel standing there, that Balaam did n't see at first, was a pretty good ventriloquist!



Increased Appetite

is one of the first good effects felt by users of Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil with Hypophos-Good appetite begets good health.

Scott's Emulsion

is a fat food that provides its own tonic. Instead of a tax upon appetite and digestion it is a wonderful help to both.

> Scott's Emulsion arrests the progress of Consumption, Bronchitis, Scrofula, and other wasting diseases by raising a barrier of healthy Hesh, strength and nerve.

Prepared Ly Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists

HE WONDERED.

HE WONDERED.
MOTHER.—The paper this morning has an account of a little boy who was drowned while skating on thin ice.

LITTLE SON (cleaning up. his skates).—Too bad. I wonder if he was related to the poor little boy who was killed by the trolley while going to school?
—Street & Smith's Good News.

THE AGE OF INVEN-TION.

MRS. BINKS. — My back is most broken. MR. B.—What have you been doing? MRS. B.—Trying to fix some of our labor-saving machinery so it will work.—New York will wor Weekly.

THERE are not enough dishonest men out of politics .- Atchison Globe.



PACKER'S TAR SOAP is undoubtedly the best Shampooing agent known. does not dry the hair, but makes it soft and glossy; and is refreshing and beneficial to the hair and skin. Physicians order its use in treatment of Dandruff, Baldness, and Skin Diseases.

A GOOD MATCH.

LITTLE ETHEL. —
I dess I 'll marry
Georgy Sweet w'en he grows up.

MOTHER.-You like

him, do you? LITTLE ETHEL. -N-o, not much; but he 's jus' as fond of chocolates as I am. —Street & Smith's Good News.

WHEN a boy wants to throw a stone at a cat, he never has any trouble in finding something against it.

—Atchison Globe.

THERE is a man in Atchison who eats so much that he lunches between meals to lose his appetite.-Atchison Globe.

Baby's Skin Scalp Hair CUTICURA SOAP the purest sweetest and most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world Sold everywhere. Porter Drug and Chemical Corp., Props. Boston.

O'CLOCK CHOCOLATE

To meet the special call which is now being made in the best social circles for a PURE and DELICATE Sweet Chocolate to serve at after-noon receptions in place of tea,

Messrs. WALTER BAKER & CO., the well-known HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES,

tastefully done up in half pound packages. It is made from selected fruit, a fine quality of sugar, and

THE DIFFERENCE IN THE MORNING.



(At Eve.)-The café waiter suave made these two great men known:
"Count Oppenheimer, dis vas der great
Herr Baron Levinsohn."

Keep Up with the Times, don't cling to the imperfect things. Do you use cereal foods on your breakfast table? Then you need cream. Borden's Peerless Brand Evap. orated Cream is decidedly superior in richness and flavor to ordinary milk or cream.



(Next Morn.)—Down upon the Bowery the Count stood sore dismayed To see his friend, the Baron, was likewise engaged in trade.

WILLING TO SEARCH

WILLING TOSEARCH
MOTHER. — Don't
you think that a boy
of your size could take
the tacks out of this
carpet if he wanted to?
SMALL BOY. — I
guess so. Shall I take
my sled and go out
and see if I can find
one who wants to?
—Street & Smith's
Good News.

KNEW THE CAUSE.

GIGGLETON. — I nearly died laughing last night.

PARKER. — Which one of your jokes were you telling?—Truth.

A FATHER likes his daughters better than he does his sons, because they are longer in finding him out.—

Atchison Globe.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for

THE AUTOMATIC REEL It will wind up the line a hundred times as fast as any other reel in the world. It will wind up the line slowly. No fish can ever get slack line with it. It will save more fish than any other reel. Manipulated entirely by the hand that holds the red SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

fruit, a fine quality of sugar, and flavored with pure Vanilla beans. It is a triumph of CHOCOLATE MAKING. WALTER BAKER & CO., DORCHESTER, MASS

YAWMAN & ERBE, DOES IT.

Rochester, N. Y.



THE WORLD'S FAIR FOR SALE.

LOOK AT IT! The Michigan Central has arranged with one of the best publishing houses in the United States for a beautifully printed series of World's Fair pictures, to be known as the Michigan Central's Portfolio of Photographs of the World's Fair.

The original photographs would cost not less than a dollar a-piece, but the Michigan Central enables you to get 16 pictures for 10 cents.

It's the finest. It's the most complete. It's the best. It cannot be beaten.

If you saw the World's Fair, you want it as a perpetual souvenir of a memorable visit.

If you did n't get there, you want this to see what you missed, and to fill your mind with the beauty and glory of the White City.
Send ten cents to O. W. RUGGLES, G. P. and

T. Agent, Michigan Central, Chicago, and he will furnish you with the first part.

BETTER COCKTAIL AT HOME THAN IS SERVED OVER ANY BAR IN THE WORLD. When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. The Qlub When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria. **Coektails**



VERMOUTH. We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors. and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world: being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality, and, blend ing thoroughly, are superior to those

mixed as wanted.

MANHATTAN, Martini,

WHISKY. HOLLAND CIN, TOM CIN and

We prefer you should buy of your dealer. he does not keep them we will send a selection of four bottles, prepaid, for \$6.00.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Proprietors, 39 Broadway, N. Y., Hartford, Conn., and 20 Piccadilly, W. London, Eng.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers.



For Sale at Park & Tilfords and all Leading Houses.

THIS IS A PIPE

Do you know the number one ROKONET is ready?



Ask any photograph-ic supply dealer or the manufacturers.

THE PHOTO-MATERIALS CO. Rochester, N. Y.

Catalogue free on application

Highest Honors at the World's Fair.



AT A DISADVANTAGE TAKEN IN A CROWD.

DIME.—Why, Nick, old boy, what 's the matter? You 're all battered up. NICKEL.—Oh, a beastly cable-car con-ductor knocked me down.

Bromo-Seltzer is sold on all trains by Union News Company's Agents. 34TH ANNUAL STATEMENT **EQUITABLE** LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF THE UNITED STATES. FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31st, 1893.

ASSETS.

Bonds and Mortgages....... Real Estate, including the Equitable Buildings and pur-chases under foreclosure of

secured by Bonds and cks (Market value Total Assets Dec. 31, 1893, \$169,056,396.90

LIABILITIES. Reserve on all existing Poli-cies (4% Standard) and all

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cies (4% standard) and all other liabilities...........\$136,689,646.57
Total Undivided Surplus (4%) Standard), including Special Reserve of \$2,500,000 toward establishment of a 31/2%

32,366,750.33 \$169.056.396.90

INCOME.

Premium3...... Interest, Rents, etc.....

\$35,537,369.59 6,485,235.96 \$42,022,605.55

4.615.745.29

\$22,808,916,74

23.928.724.53

89 253 593.42

6.934.463.33

14.396.857.64

6 439 378 11

DISBURSEMENTS.

Claims by Death and Matured Endowments..... Dividends, Surrender Values, Annuities and Discounted Endowments....

6.888.912.63 \$17,650,315.43

Total Paid Policy-Ho'ders. Commissions, Advertising, Postage and Exchange...General Expenses, State, County and City Taxes.

3,089,438.08 \$25.355,498.80

New Assurance written in 1893, \$205.280,227.00 Total Outstanding Assurance, 932,532,577.00

HENRY B. HYDE, President, JAMES W. ALEXANDER, V.-P.

Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by ex-press, prepaid, east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address.

C. F. CUNTHER, Confectioner. 212 State St., Chicago.



A fine 14k gold pla

DOKER'S BITTER*c* A Specific against Dyspepsia, and an Appetizer.

LIKE MY WIFE TO Use Pozzoni's Complexion Powder because it improves her looks and is as fragrant as violets.

20 PER CENT. PER MONTH

Is what we are earning for our customers. Can you do better? Profits paid twice each month. Money can be on any time, \$20 to \$1,000 can be invested: pays #4 to \$200 each month. Write for circulars. FISHER & CO.

Bankers and Brokers, 18 and 20 Broadway, New York. Members of Consolidated Stock Exchange.

50c. PUCK'S PAINTING-BOOK 50c.



DREW THE LINE AT THAT.

MR. MONEYBAGS .- No, my child, I don't want you to marry a Duke.

MISS GOLDIE MONEYBAGS .- But, Papa, you said I could have anything that money

Nothing contributes more towards a sound digestion than the use of the genuine Angostura Bitters, of Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Ask your druggist.

THE AMERICAN UP-

"Fitz-Jolley's house-warming at his new country house during the holidays was a grand affair, eh?"
"Ves Not an Ame-

grand affair, eh?"
"Yes. Not an American was present, and the new English butler responded to the toast of 'Kin Across the Sea."—Truth.

PLENTY OF GILDING.

PLENTY OF GILDING.
PHYSICIAN.— The
truth can no longer be
hidden, Madame. I
am obliged to tell you
that your little son is
—er—weak-minded.
That is—well, it must
be said—he is an idiot.
MRS. HIGHUPP.—
How fortunate it is
that we are rich! No
one will ever notice it.
—N. Y. Weekly.

HIS ONLY CHANCE.

XANTIPPE. — I de-clare, how cheerful my husband looks to-day. FRIEND.—No won-der, sister; you know to-day is election, and the poor man is naturthe poor man is naturally delighted to have his say about something.--Texas Siftings.

For a Century and a half

Marie Brizard & Rogers' Cordials have been ac'nowledge as the purest. Everybody admits their Creme de Menthe the best — for sale everywhere. T. W. Stemmier, Union Square, New York.

ALIFORNIA



and the Midwinter Fair via the Direct Route.

> Ouick Time. No change from Chicago.

E. DICKINSON, E. L. LOMAX,

Omaha, Neb.

LEFT.

THE BEACH of a barren and desolate isle, Where the screech of the seagull alone greets the ear,

A storm-beaten castaway gazed o'er the waves, While bright in his eye stood the quivering tear.

Was he thinking of home, of the friends he had left,

Of the wife and the dear ones far over the sea? Did he dream of the vine-covered porch of the cot,

Where the roseleat was fanned by the wing of the bee?

No; for sadly he murmured: "It's just my blamed luck To lose my last copy of PICKI: GS FROM

PUCK!"
For sale by all Newsdealers. Price 25 cents.

A MODERN RECLUSE. FRIEND. - I have n't seen you for some time.

POET. - No; fact is, I have become a good deal of a recluse lately.

FRIEND. - I feared as much. much do you owe? - New York Weekly.

Ever since Messrs. SOHMER & Co. have brought their Piano up to the present Standard of perfection, there has ceased to be a race for supremacy in the Piano trade, for the SOHMER is the acknowledged leader in every respect.

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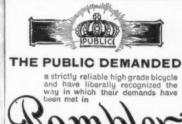
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HARD ON THE EVES.

ARDENT YOUTH. - Does n't that thick veil hurt your eyes?

PRETTY GIRL. - Not at all.

ARDENT YOUTH. - It hurts mine. - Street & Smith's Good News.



T is the humblest page of all, the variet of the lot,

And he has set the court a-brawl, hot as a pepper-pot.

A low and common churl is he, and of inferior size;

His hair is red as carrots be, and weak and red his eyes.

His hands and feet are big, unless you judge them by his ears;
No page in all the court, I guess, more needs the barber's shears.
A most unlikely wight is he to be, by Fate's strange sport,
The choice of Princess Marjorie, the envy of the court.





Two years and more has every page, and every courtier, too,
Unto that Wonder of the Age, offered his passion true.

We told her she was fairer, far, than Venus in her prime.

We told her lots of things that are more probable in rhyme;
We praised her face, her foot, her hand, her ear, her eye, her nose,
Her talents fine, her manner bland, much as you might suppose.

Her talents fine, her manner bland, much as you might suppose;
And every one of all our host she ruthlessly turned down—
The boldest flatterer was the most thoroughly done up brown.

But this here cheap and worthless cuss
with the moth-eaten hair,

Emerged from out the ruck and muss
with Marjorie's glove to wear.

How did he do it? Gentles, hark,
and I will tell to you

A tale of magic deep and dark and, s'blood!
'odds Death! it 's true!

That variet to that Princess said he 'd served a lady fair With whom the earth held not a maid in beauty to compare. This maid had frowned upon his suit after much smiling kind, And had him thrown downstairs to boot, and told him not to mind.

And so he asked of Marjorie if he might linger near

And drop — oh, just occasionallee, a fond memorial tear!

He told her just how many times he squeezed that lady's hand,

And how she read his subtle rhymes, and seemed to understand.

He asked of Princess Marjorie if ever any man

Was ever treated worse than he since first the world began.

She told him that that other girl was strictly no good style,

And how she made her hair to curl, and how she worked her smile.

She poured the balm of sympathy upon his aching heart;
The more he got of it, why, he so much the more would smart.
So much the more the praise he sung of her who'd turned him off,
So much the more, the Princess, stung, at those same charms would scoff.

And that plain, common, cheap galoot; that low, inferior page Has gathered Marjorie, the Bute, the Wonder of the Age. For lovely Princess Marjorie, she is a woman, too, And meeting thus another She resolved that She to do. She did her, and she has that page, and he has beauty's pearl, And I will bet my knighthood's gage He had no other girl.

Eustace Evelyn Vaux Vere de Vere Montague Macy.

